

1,754 Days by KeepCalmandLoveStrangerThings

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Angst

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-12-20 19:29:24

Updated: 2019-07-01 20:04:47

Packaged: 2019-12-12 18:41:59

Rating: T

Chapters: 4

Words: 5,253

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The door swung open. A girl walked in. Her eyes, a dark, chocolatey brown sparkled in the light. He recognized those eyes. Beautiful. No. It couldn't be. El was dead. The girl examined the classroom, looking around carefully. Then her eyes fell on Mike. She let out a little gasp, eyes widening. No, El was gone. So Mike just kept tapping his pencil. 1,754 times. For 1,754 days.

1. Chapter 1

Heyyyyyy! So I just randomly got an idea for this story... it will most likely be a one-shot with a cliffhanger. However, I might continue it after *Gone Gone Gone* is finished. Speaking of that story, I am so sorry I haven't updated! I can't really write on the weekdays, this is just a rare occasion, and last weekend was really busy, so I never had the time to write/update it. But the new chapter will be up either Saturday or Sunday. Anyway, enjoy!

Mike tapped his pencil on the edge of his desk. It was the first day of senior year, and Mike was fed up with school. He was fed up with life. It had been 4 years since Eleven, and he grew more and more impatient each day. Sometimes Mike was even convinced it was all a dream. But it wasn't. He knew it wasn't. He still called her, every night. Although most of him had convinced himself that she was... dead, something, deep inside of him knew that she was still out there. Somehow. So he had called her. Every night.

Today was day 1,754. 1,754.

The teacher had written her name on the board in swirly cursive. Mrs. Lorel. She opened her mouth to speak, the door swung open. A girl walked in. She was wearing blue overalls over a gray t-shirt and button up flannel. Her dark hair was pulled back into a ponytail, and reached down to almost her waist. Honestly, Mike didn't care. Until she turned around. Her eyes, a dark, chocolatey brown sparkled in the light. He recognized those eyes. Beautiful.

"What is friend?" El asked as she sat in the blanket fort, Mike kneeling in front of her.

No. It couldn't be. El was dead. The girl examined the classroom, looking around carefully. Then her eyes fell on Mike. She let out a little gasp, eyes widening. Mike blushed. Dustin sniggered beside him.

"Looks like the new girl has the hots for you, Mike," Dustin leaned

over and whispered to him. He shook his head and looked down at his desk. But he couldn't stop thinking about those eyes.

"Everyone, meet our new student, Jane," the teacher announced to them in a loud tone that seemed to be commanding them to listen. "You can take any open seat," she told the girl, Jane, softly. Jane nodded and looked around for an open seat. Coincidentally, the only open seat happened to be in front of Mike. As she walked to take her seat, he heard Dustin and Lucas giggling. Mike rolled his eyes, and just kept tapping his pencil. 1,754 times. For 1,754 days.

Mike walked into the high school cafeteria, going towards the table that the 4 of them sat at since they had claimed it in freshman year. Lucas walked over to them from Max's table, blushing hard.

"Now two of us have girlfriends!" Dustin teased as Lucas sat.

"Shut up," Lucas grumbled. Mike had never let Max into the party, especially after even more time passed with El. The events of fall, 1985 were catastrophic. Somehow, they managed to close the gate. Nobody knew how. Hopper had said that he knew a way, and when he came back, the gate was shut. The one thing that Mike noticed that the rest didn't is that when Hopper pulled in the Byers' driveway, he had come from the opposite direction of the lab. After that, Mike had especially resented Max, saying that the other boys were using her as a replacement for El. In the end, the others realized that Mike would not give up. They stayed friends with Max, but she was never included in the party. Mike and Max hated each other with a burning passion. Mike had been sad and angry all the time after El went missing. He began to get into fights often and his grades dropped. He became arrogant and hot-headed. His temper and mood had improved slightly in the past months, but he didn't talk often. When he did, it was only because no one else was saying it.

Mike looked up from his lunch and noticed that the new girl, Jane was standing in the cafeteria entrance, looking around for somewhere to sit.

"Maybe three of us now," Dustin whispered to Mike, finding his gaze, "If you invite her to sit with us."

"I'm not going to invite her to sit with us!" Mike responded, turning his attention back to his lunch.

"He didn't need to," Will murmured.

"Oh no," Lucas groaned. Mike looked up and saw Jane walking towards them.

"Do you mind if I sit?" she asked tentatively when she arrived at their table. Mike couldn't stop looking at those eyes.

"How about we call you El, short for Eleven?" he asked the girl, still not believing the bizzarity of it all.

No, he reminded himself firmly, El is DEAD.

"Yeah, sure!" Will said for them, always the sweet the group. She gave a small smile and sat. "I'm-"

"Will," Jane finished, "I know."

"Oh," Dustin frowned. "We'll I'm-"

"Dustin. And that is Lucas, and that's Mike. I know," she whispered, staring into her lap.

"How do you know?" Mike finally asked. The girl hesitated before finally answering.

"People talk. I put two and two together."

Mike nodded, fascinated by this beautiful girl. Wait, did he just think-no, he couldn't have. No. As he looked at her, he realized that she was beautiful. He quickly shook his head, and went back to eating his lunch in silence. He couldn't help but notice that she was tapping her fingers. He also couldn't help but count. She tapped for about 20 minutes, before stopping. Mike looked up at her in alarm. She didn't notice. But what he noticed is that she tapped 1,754 times. Today was day 1,754.

Mike couldn't stop thinking about Jane the rest of the day. There was

something about her... he wasn't sure what it was, but there was something that made him wonder. No, Mike. Stop it. It can't be. It's just a number. Just brown eyes. But how could it be that it was 1,754?

When the day ended, Mike walked over to his locker, and was shocked to see that the locker was occupied by none other than Jane. He walked over to his locker and entered the combination. 11-07-84.

"Hey," he smiled at her. She looked over at him and smiled back.

"Hi."

"I... um... never got your last name..." he said awkwardly.

"Oh. It's Hopper. Jane Hopper," Mike frowned.

"Like... Chief Hopper?" She both shut their lockers and began to walk out of the school together.

"He adopted me over the summer." That was when he noticed her bracelet. It was a beautiful blue. But that's not the thing he was thinking about.

"Hey, can I see your bracelet?" She frowned.

"Um... I don't know... It's kind of special to me," she murmured shyly. He let out a forced laugh.

"I know I'm clumsy, but not THAT clumsy," he smiled at her. She looked around nervously at the empty field.

"Ok... I guess," she muttered, reluctantly putting out her arm. He looked at the bracelet, wondering if he should do it. He looked around again, making sure there were no people, before reaching to touch the bracelet. Before he could, however, she snatched her arm away.

"Um... I'll see you tomorrow!" She told him before turning around. But now, he needed to know. He needed to see, so that he could finally push aside even the tiniest hope that she was alive, that she

was still there, watching him.

"Jane, wait!" he called to her, grabbing her arm to slow her down, pushing her bracelet down in the process. He lifted her arm to his eyes, expecting to see just plain skin, but that was not what he saw. Instead, he saw what he thought was the impossible. Instead, he saw what he thought he would never see.

011.

"A friend?" she asked him, wanting to know what he was trying to say.

"Not a friend, a... uh, uh... Someone like a..." he started, not surely knowing how to explain. But when he looked at her, her eyes looking right at him with a sparkle in them, waiting for him to explain the world to her, he didn't think. He leaned forward, and their lips met. And he felt like he could stay there forever.

He dropped her arm, in shock. He looked up at her, tears in his eyes. He saw the tears forming in her eyes too. 1,754 days he had waited. 1,754 days, calling her every night, waiting for a sign, a message, anything, to know that she was ok. 1,754 days to look at her one last time, to hear her say his name. 1,754 days to kiss her again. 1,754 days to have her.

"El?"

AND... CUT! I DID IT! YAYYYY! This was horrible. But all my writing is, so that isn't saying much. So, PM me or review if I should continue this or just leave it like this! I'll see you guys on the weekend with Gone Gone Gone! I hope you enjoyed!

Rose

2. Haitus

So... hello. I have a couple of stuff to explain.

I'll be going on hiatus for writing on fanfiction until around October. I'll still be reading and reviewing and betareading, but I won't be writing for a multitude of reasons.

Firstly, I write my stories on my school laptop, which we get in October and have throughout breaks and weekends and then they get taken in June, and they get taken June 8th, which means I don't have anything to write on. I could go back to writing on my kindle, but if you look at my Hamilton stories, you can see that they are short because it was so torturous to write on that thing, and I'm really not in the mood to do that.

Additionally, I have absolutely no inspiration whatsoever. And that's a problem, isn't it?

I might start the new part of 1,754 days if I get inspiration, but for now, bye until october!

3. Chapter 2

So... surprise? I found another computer! I will be updating way less, but I hope that this will satisfy you guys for a while!

"El?" I gaped, tears slowly trickling down.

"Hi, Mike," she grimaced, looking away from me with tears welled up in her eyes again.

"What... where... when..." I stammered, trying to make sense of it all. It couldn't make sense. But yet, somehow, she was here, with the same tattoo, as beautiful as before, even more beautiful, if that was possible.

"I'm sorry, Mike," she murmured, looking directly into my eyes with an intensity that I felt I would melt under. "I'm so sorry," she whispered. Then she turned and left, leaving me broken, even more than before.

So broken. I looked up, finally registering that she was here.

That she was with me.

That I had to get her back.

I looked around my surroundings quickly, and saw her jumping into Hopper's- Hopper's?- police truck, tears falling down her face as she pressed her nose to the glass of the window.

"El, wait!" I yelled, running as fast as I could with my skinny, good for nothing legs. I ran, to where the police truck was pulling out of it's parking spot, running so quickly, because no matter how scrawny or how bad at anything athletic I was, I needed her.

I need her.

"El! El, come back! Please!" I screamed, running still, down the road that led away from the school, down the twists and turns covered by the leafy greens of Hawkins, past the houses and cars and shops,

because I need her. I ran, ran, ran, and screamed her name so many times, too many times, until my voice faltered and I could scream no more, just run, run, run and pray that I could somehow catch up.

I ran until the main road of Hawkins, where I was so, so, so close, but then I was weak, and I was on the ground, bawling, for the girl that I had lost 1,754 days ago.

I couldn't breathe. I couldn't function. I couldn't think. I didn't realize Joyce running out of Melvin's, taking the sight of me in, and rushing to my side, holding me while I sobbed. I didn't realize the crowd of people that stood around me, gawking at the Wheeler boy who seemed to be having a mental breakdown. I didn't realize the girl, by now in her cabin in the woods, screaming and sobbing with pain. Because for both of us, it had been 1,754 days. 1,754 days without each other.

"Mike? Earth to Mike?" came in Dustin's voice at me, in my basement, with impatience on his face. I didn't hear him. I stared, at the empty pillow fort that had been standing for much too long, and I had outgrown by a mile.

"Jesus Christ, incompetent motherfucker," Dustin muttered, getting up from his seat on the couch and directly into my face.

"MIKE!" he screamed. I flinched, and almost slapped him.

"Don't do that, asshole!" I yelled, curling back up onto the couch.

"Then answer!" Dustin protested, shaking his head as he walked back to his seat. "Did you even hear what Lucas said?"

"Of course he didn't, dipshit, he was thinking about *El* or something," Lucas murmured, but not quiet enough for it to go unnoticed.

"Don't. You. Dare. Talk. About. Her. Like. That." I pushed through my gritted teeth, rising up to my full height of an impressive 6 feet 5 inches, compared to Dustin, Lucas and Will's measly 6'0, 6'1, and 5'8, respectively.

"Jeez, sorry," Lucas exhaled, sitting back down.

"What happened, Mike?" Will asked me, leaning towards me. He had changed the most out of us all, getting A LOT taller, not getting taken and/or possessed by things from the upside down, coming out as gay, and even getting tons of recognition by prestigious art schools around the country for his art. But he stayed the same caring guy.

I took a deep breath, glancing at all of my friends.

"She's alive," I whispered, looking down at my hands which were folded in my lap. The room exploded.

"Who? El? How?"

"What? No way, no way,"

"What the fuck?"

"Wait, when?"

"How do you know?"

"Where is she?"

I interrupted the frenzy of questions and demands.

"She's Jane Hopper. The new girl. Apparently the Chief adopted her."

And suddenly it all made sense.

"Remember the year after she was gone? When I was possessed by... the Mind Flayer?" Will asked tentatively. "Remember when the Chief said he knew a way to close the gate?"

It clicked for me, and all I saw was red.

"That bastard, that son of a bitch, he will pay, that lying, disgusting, piece of shit!" and suddenly I was standing, and going out of the garage door, and getting on my bike, and no matter how much my friends tried to stop me, I would not stop. I could not stop until I found her, and she was mine. Like it should have been, if Hopper, the bastard, wouldn't have kept her from me.

I rode down to the police station, fury filled in his every feature. I pulled the door, and it swung back, and I was storming, storming down to Flo, slamming my hands on the desk.

"Yes, Mr. Wheeler?" Flo asked, without an ounce of surprise in her voice.

"Where is he?" I growled.

"In his office, why?" Flo asked, but I was already storming down the hall, pushing the door and letting it fly open, and then I was screaming at Hopper, punching him, hitting him, yelling for the unfairness of it all, for how badly I missed her, for how badly I needed her.

"YOU SON OF A BITCH! YOU KEPT HER FROM ME, YOU KEPT HER, FOR 1,754 DAYS! YOU ARE A LYING PIECE OF SHIT AND YOU DESERVE TO GO DIE IN A HOLE BECAUSE YOU WERE HIDING HER! I HATE YOU, I HATE YOU, I HATE YOU, I HATe you, I Hate you, I hate you, i hate you, i..." and then I was sobbing, alone, so alone, with Hopper, even though I had just tried to about kill him, he was holding me, and I was sobbing, the days he had kept her from me, the days I had without her. 1,754 days.

I got out of the truck, slamming the door shut behind me.

"This doesn't mean I forgive you, you know," I muttered as I began to follow Hopper through the woods.

"I know kid, I know," he murmured.

We walked in silence, until we began to approach a small cabin with the shades drawn tight.

"Watch out for the trip wire," Hopper called back, me barely missing the thin wire that lined the forest floor. We got to the door, and I reached for the door handle, but he stopped me before I could reach it.

"Don't think that this was a walk in the park for her, either, Wheeler. For her, it was worse." he warned, before turning the knob and

gesturing me to come in.

"El, you have a visitor," he called, closing and locking the door as I took in the surprising coziness of it all.

"I'm going to leave you alone, but no funny business, alright?" he asked, although it was definitely not a question.

I heard light footsteps and quickly turned to see one of the most beautiful sights I had ever seen.

El, in grey sweatpants and a light blue tank top, her hair loose and long. It was quite obvious that she had been crying, but I didn't care. She was still absolutely gorgeous.

"Mike," she breathed.

"El," I whispered, and it was almost magnetic.

I rushed towards her as she walked towards me, and when we collided, I almost broke down crying, because this was real.

This was really El, my El, in my arms, like it always should have been. She sobbed, and I held her tighter, if that was even possible.

She looked up at me with brown doe eyes, and suddenly I was leaning towards her, and when our lips met, it was like I was with her the whole time.

I had her again.

After 1,754 days.

YAY! Mike and El get a happy reunion! Whoop! Anyways, this chapter ended up really crappy, but I really just want to get chapters to you guys! I'm leaving for summer vacation on July 19, so I plan on updating another chapter before then, but we'll see how it goes. Bye for now!

-Rose

4. Chapter 3 (finally)

yeah, i'm alive. I know it's been a hot second. I said October, but it's definitely past October, so... oops. I'm here now though!

Anyways, I'm officially 13 now, so I'm now legally allowed to be on fanfiction! Yeet!

Yes, I was 11 and 12 when I wrote my past fanfics. Oof. I always had- a "darker side" I guess. I'm just looking back at my past fanfics and laughing at how I was literally 11 years old when I wrote *The World Stopped*. That's depressing, isn't it? Another truth- my name isn't Rose, it's just a pen name. I don't know how I even came up with it, I suppose I've always loved the name. But I'm gonna stay Rose on here for now, because I kind of don't want to tell the internet exactly who I am? I'm a little too cautious but better to be safe than sorry, right?

Update: I wrote that like two months ago. It's July 1st now. I've decided to write this before season three comes out and no one will want to read this, so wish me luck. This is gonna be really bad. Anyways, I decided to give this a shot and kill my writer's block! good for me! Hope you all enjoy I guess. Enjoy Season 3!

13 minutes and 25 seconds since I had held El in my arms again, I was sitting on the reddish couch of Hopper's small cabin in the woods. It was rustic, full of wood and old furniture and blankets, and you could see how quickly it must have been put together. But I hadn't noticed any of it, as I was too busy looking at the beautiful girl I had just rediscovered.

"So," I began, my voice coming out in a short croak. Where did I even begin? "What- where- how- what... happened?" I finally settled on that as the best question. Her hands shifted nervously on her cup of hot cocoa as she glanced at it.

"When the Demogorgon," she began after a short pause, her voice soft, sweet and melodic. "*Took* me, I got into the Upside Down."

"The Upside Down?" I gaped. "How long were you in there? How did you end up here? How did you-" she laughed, a gentle tinkling sound that made my gut twist into a thousand knots, butterflies seeming to be flying out of my stomach.

"I was just going to get to that, Mike. Patience," she smiled. *She is absolutely stunning*, I thought, looking at her in awe. *Focus, Mike*, I told myself, pulling myself out of my admiration session and back to the story she was telling. "I found- an opening, I guess you could say. I don't know how I got there, what I had found... I just knew I had to get out," she shuddered, looking off into the distance. "I got out not very long after I got in. Maybe a few days. As soon as I was out I- I ran to find you, but the bad men, they were at your house, and then you almost saw me, but they would find me and you would get in trouble and I couldn't have that, so... I ran," she whispered, her voice suddenly quieting after its sudden rise in volume.

I put my hand on her's gently, hoping to soothe some of the agitation that was clearly there. It was nearly a force of habit, I didn't even realize that I had done it until she looked up at me, a small shy smile on her face, giving my hand a gentle squeeze back.

Butterflies.

"And then?" I asked gently, not wanting to ruin the moment but desperate to know more. She nodded.

"I'm sorry. I ran to the woods... It was the only place I knew other than any of your houses. And I'm not sure how exactly Hopper found me. He brags that it was 'intuition.' I think it's called 'complaints of weird girls and floating animals in the woods,'" she chuckled, glancing at Hopper who was awkwardly standing, looking at us from the kitchen.

"But he left out food for a while, and I wanted to find out who it was. So I stayed, and watched... and it was Hopper," she smiles. "So I followed him to his car, and then I just stood there. I stood there, and... there was nothing else to be said. It was strange. It was almost like... he knew. In an instant," she exhaled, looking down at her hand which was wrapped in mine. "It was almost like how it used to be with you."

She looked up at me, brown eyes shining. Blood rushed everywhere, flushing my cheeks and warming me, my head spinning, because it was *her*. God, it was her. And as I looked back at her, there didn't need to be words between us. Just the fact that she was *here*, holding my hand, telling me all of it. Just like she said. No words needed to be spoken... she just- understood.

"I'm sorry. And I stayed. For 353 days, I stayed. And then- I didn't. I was sick of it, sick of the waiting, sick of the tiny cabin and the closed space, sick of only seeing you and not being able to touch you, to hold you... I couldn't do it. So I went. To the school. And you were there- you were there. But you were with this... girl," her voice suddenly darkened as anger began to slip into her face. "She had red hair and she was on a skateboard and you two were talking and *laughing* and I thought- I thought you had forgotten about me. So I ran," she whispered.

"Hey," I murmured comfortingly, inching towards her. "I could *never* forget about you. Ever. Maybe Will, or Lucas, or even Dustin could, but me? I could *never*. I don't even know how much longer I could have gone on without you... five days? 205 days? 353 days? Could I go another-"

"One thousand, seven hundred and fifty four days," she finished for me. "I know. I thought the same thing."

"Max... is just a friend. Not even a friend. She isn't in our party and she never will be. Lucas and Dustin might be in love with her or whatever, but-"

"Wait, what?" she giggled. "Lucas and Dustin? I should have figured... I'm such an idiot," she laughed into her hands.

"No, you aren't. I promise you. If you don't mind me asking... what happened? After you came to the school, I mean."

"Oh, right. I'm sorry."

"Stop being sorry!"

"I'm sorry!"

"Stop!" I laughed.

She giggled, blushing. "Ok. I'm-" I raised my eyebrows at her. "Going to continue." I nodded.

"I went back to the cabin. I had this- *awful*- fight with Hopper... some furniture was ruined. Some windows were shattered. But... we got over it. We moved on. And about a day later, Hopper came by the cabin and asked me if I felt strong. And I did. So he took me, and I closed the gate... and that was that. So I waited. I studied. I worked as hard as I could to make sure that I could eventually go to school with you, and once I did, all we had to wait for was my birth certificate, which I got last May. And... here we are."

"Wow."

"Wow," she smiled back. "Enough about me, though... how are you? How is everybody?" I blinked at her. All I could think about was her, her voice, her laugh, her touch, her eyes... her. "Mike?" I shook my head suddenly, snapping out of my reverie and looking up at her.

"Oh. Right... everybody." Jonathan is up at NYU, and Nancy isn't that far, she went to Princeton. They are together at the moment, but they've been on-and-off since graduation, so who knows. Steve is at the auto shop here in Hawkins-

"Steve?"

"Oh. Right- you don't know Steve," I said, shaking my head. "Sorry. Anyway, Joyce is doing fine. Wait a second, hasn't she been dating-" I say, turning around to face Hopper, who was making a motion to me that could either mean "you tell and you're dead" or "you're dead anyway." "Nevermind."

"Who?" El asked, leaning her head forward, mouth open in a smile. "Mike?"

"Nobody."

"Well, it's obviously somebody, or you wouldn't have said it."

"No, El, really. It's nobody. I made a mistake." She furrowed her

brows at me, tilting her head. "Fine. I don't believe you, but whatever."

"Will is fine. I don't think he's fully- over the Upside Down. He's quieter now. More afraid to speak his mind. Much more afraid of confrontation. Dustin and Lucas are normal. Honestly, I don't think they've changed from when we were 13." She giggled. "Will wants to go to NYU, same as his brother, although he wants to study art. Dustin wants Stanford for biology, Lucas the same for computer science."

"And you?"

"Well... I applied for MIT. But I doubt I'll get in... it's a hard school to get into."

"Mike, that's amazing! I know you will get in, you are the smartest person I know. You have to trust yourself," she beams at me, squeezing my hand gently.

Kind of random story interruption, but I just wanted to say that I'm reading my old stories and oh my lord. I'm so sorry. They are so bad. Not that this is good but I'm just trying to get this finished, not really trying for quality haha. Also, since most of you don't read the authors notes, please give me ideas for this story in the reviews or over PM! I need them! Continue reading.

"El..." I whisper, gently, looking up from our hands at her.

"Yes, Mike?"

"I missed you. I missed you so, so much... missed you isn't even the right word for it. I don't even know how to describe it, but, God, it felt like a piece of me was missing. Empty. And with every day, every call, every desperate plea for you to come back, it just got bigger and bigger and worse and I was angry *all the time* and I didn't know what to do with myself and I was broken and lost and-"

"Mike, hey, hey, Mike," she whispered, putting her hand on my

cheek, gently wiping away the tear that had once been there. "I'm here now. Understand? I'm here." I nod, and I wrap her in my arms, and I just hold her.

I hold her.

After 1,754 days, I hold her.

That's it. I've been writing this chapter for a YEAR now, and it feels strange to have finished it all now at 10 pm on a Monday night on July 1st. That's it. I will write more for this story (I think) and I will definitely keep writing FanFiction, but who knows when ideas will come. Please give me ideas in the reviews or over PM! Seriously! I'm begging you! Anyway, I am SO. EXCITED. FOR. SEASON. THREE. Seriously, I am screaming in anticipation.

After this though, I'm flying to Israel on July 11 and will be at sleepaway camp there from the 16th-the 28th, and then I go to Italy, so I will probably not be writing much this summer. After that, I start eighth grade which will be pretty stressful, so we will see how things go. Anyway, have an amazing summer, have the BEST TIME watching stranger things 3, PM me if you want to rant because I love talking to people about it, and I'll see you soon (hopefully).

Love,

Rose!